THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various;—that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulg'd.
COWPER.

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ORIGINAL PAPERS.

MISCELLANY.

For The Port Folio.

ORIENTAL POESY.

THE POEM OF AMRU.—*Concluded.*

ON the day when we are anxious to protect our families, we keep vigilant guard, clad in complete steel; but, on the day when we have no such anxiety for them, our legions assemble in full council: led by a chief among the descendants of Josham, the son of Beir, we bruise our adversaries, both the weak and the strong.

Oh! the nations remember not the time when we bowed the neck, or were ever flogged in the conflict. Oh! let not the people be infatuated or violent against us; for we will requite their infatuation, which surpasses the folly of the most foolish.

On what pretence, O Amru, son of Hinda, should we be subject to the sovereign whom thou wouldst place over us? By what pretence, O Amru, son of Hinda, dost thou yield to our calumniators, and treat us with indignity? Thou hast menaced us; thou hast sought to intimidate us; but, gently, O king! say, when were we ever the vassals of thy mother?

Our javelins, O Amru, disdain their vehemence before thee, in assailing foes: whenever a man uses force to bend them, they start back, and become inflexibly rigid; so rigid, that when they return to their former state, they ring with a shrill noise, piercing the neck and forehead of him who touches them.

Hast thou ever been informed that Josham, the son of Beir, in battles anciently fought, was at any time remiss? We have inherited the renown of Alkama, the son of Saif, who, by dint of valour, obtained admission for us into the castles of glory. We are heirs to Mohalhil, to Zoheir, the flower of his tribe: Oh! of how noble a treasure were they the preservers!

From Altabalso, and from Celthum, we have received the inheritance transmitted from their progenitors. By Dhu'lborra, of whose fame thou hast heard the report, have we been protected; and through him we protect those who seek our aid.

Before him, the adventurous Coleib sprung among us; and what species of glory have we not attained?

When our antagonists twist against us the *cords of battle*, either we burst the knot, or rend the necks of our opponents.

We shall be found the firmest of tribes in keeping our defensive alliance, and the most faithful in observing the bond of our treaties.

When the flames were kindled in the mountain, on the morning of the excursion, we gave succour more important than the aid of other allies. To give immediate relief, we kept all our herds confined in Dhu Orathei, until our milch camels of noble breed were forced to graze upon withered herbs.

We protect with generosity the man who submits to us; but chastise with firmness him by whom we are insulted. We reject the offers of those who have displeased us; but accept the presents of those with whom we are satisfied.

We succoured the right wing, when our troops engaged in combat, and our valiant brothers gave support to the left. They made a fierce attack against the legions which opposed them, and we not less fiercely assailed the squadrons by which we were opposed. They returned with booty and with rich spoils, and the sons of kings were among our captives.

To you, O descendants of Beir, to you we address ourselves! Have you not learned the truth concerning us? Have you not experienced with what impetuosity our troops have attacked your troops, with what force have they darted their javelins? We are armed with bright sabres, and clad in harbergeons made in Yemen; our cimeters are part straight, part bent. We have coats of mail, that glitter like lightning; the plaits of which are seen in wrinkles above our belts: when at any time our heroes put them off, you may see their skin blackened with the pressure of the steel. The plaits of our halberds resemble the surface of a pool, which the winds have ruffled in their course.

On the morning of attack, we are borne into the field on short-haired steeds, which have been known to us from the time when we weaned them, and which we rescued from our foes after they had been taken. They rush to the fight, armed with breastplates of steel; they leave it with their manes dishevelled and dusty; and the reins, tied in knots, lie on their necks. We inherited this excellent breed from our virtuous ancestors; and, on our deaths, they will be inherited by our sons.

All the tribes of Maad perfectly know, when their tents are pitched in the well-watered valleys, that we support the distressed every year; and are bountiful to such as solicit their bounty; that we defend the oppressed, when we think it just; and fix our abode in Arabia, where we find it convenient; that we give succour to those who are near us, when the bright cimeters make the eyes of our heroes wink. We entertain strangers at our board, whenever we are able; but we hurl destruction on those who approach us hostilely.

We are the tribe who drink water from the clearest brooks; whilst other clans are forced to drink it foul and muddy.

Go, ask the sons of Tamah and of Domia, how they have found us in the conflict!

Behind us, come our lovely, our charming damsels, whom we guard so vigilantly that they cannot be made captive, or even treated with disrespect; fair maidens, descended from Josham, the son of Beir, who comprise every species of beauty, both in the opinion of men, and in truth: they have exacted a promise from their husbands, that when they engaged with hostile legions, distinguished by marks of valour, they would bring back as spoils, coats of mail and cimeters, and captives led in pairs.

Thou mayest behold us sallying forth into the open plain, whilst every other tribe seeks auxiliaries through fear of our prowess.

When our damsels are on foot, they walk with graceful motions, and wave their bodies like those of libertines, heated with wine. They feed with their fair hands our coursers of noble birth; and say to us, *you are no husband of ours, unless you protect us from the foe.* Yes; if we defend them not, we retain no possessions of value after their loss, nor do we think even life desirable! but nothing can afford our sweet maids so sure a protection as the strokes of our sabres, which make men's arms fly off like the clashing wands of playful boys. We seem, when our cimeters are displayed, to protect all mankind as fathers protect their children. Our heroes roll the heads of their enemies, as the strong well-made youths roll their balls in the smooth vale. This world is ours, and all that appears on the face of it; and when we do attack, we attack with irresistible force. When a tyrant oppresses and insults a nation, we disdain to degrade ourselves, by submitting to his will. We have been called injurious, although we have injured no man; but, if they persist in calumniating us, we will show the vehemence of our anger. As soon as a child is weaned from its mother, the loftiest chiefs of other clans bend the knee, and pay him homage. We force our enemies to taste the unmixed draught of death; and heavy is the overthrow of our adversaries in battle. We fill the earth with our tents, until it becomes too narrow for them; and cover the ocean with our ships.

MR. PITT.

From a source at once pure and legitimate we derive the following. The third paragraph represents in a very vivid manner, and with great happiness of expression, the indefatigable labours and fervid zeal of the IMMORTAL STATESMAN who in alliance with EDMUND BURKE strangled the French snake of Jacobinism.

Such was Mr. Pitt's indifference to pecuniary considerations, that he has solicited the loan of one hundred pounds at the most prosperous era of his publick career.

It has been affirmed that "his anxiety for his country destroyed him. To those who are capable of estimating the office of our English Prime Minister, who are acquainted with the character of Mr. Pitt, who recollect the arduous transactions which engrossed his attention during the greater part of his administration, and the delicacy of his bodily constitution, this affirmation must appear unques-

tionable. His ambition in the service of that country whose councils he was appointed to direct; his indefatigable attention to publick business in subordinate as well as essential points; together with those splendid exertions of his eloquence, which the nature of Parliamentary opposition incessantly demanded; the effects of such causes without the intervention of disappointment and disaster, might easily have undermined the health of no ordinary man, and have accelerated the dissolution of his powers.

Never was Mr. Pitt found unprepared for the toils and duties imposed by his office. He was to be seen at all hours, he might be consulted on every subject; his daily reflections, his nightly visions, were alike occupied by the cares of patriotism, alike studious for the welfare of his country. Secretaries were the attendants of his bed; and, whether messengers were to be received or despatched, whether information was to be heard, or instructions communicated, nothing was permitted to interfere with the important concerns of the state; no delays were tolerated, no listlessness indulged on his part. From despatches to audiences, from the council table to the drawing room, and from the levee to the House of Commons, the Minister was always himself and always accessible.

The illness that terminated the mortal existence of Mr. Pitt, was of no recent origin. Of a fickle, if not a feeble constitution, and afflicted by an hereditary gout, he had long been a valetudinarian. In the summer of 1802, his health was so seriously affected, that he does not appear to have ever afterwards effectually recovered. His whole nervous system was so deranged that he was unable to sleep for weeks together; and this melancholy prevention of ordinary repose eventually induced his death. He was at length so reduced by a general debility, accompanied by water in the chest, and weakness of stomach, that he could neither admit nor retain sustenance.

REVIEW.

From an English publication.

The Speech of the Hon. J. Randolph, Representative for the State of Virginia, in the General Congress of America, on a Motion for the Nonimportation of British Merchandize pending the present Disputes between Great-Britain and America; with an Introduction, by the authour of "War in Disguise." 8vo. P. 78. 2s. 6d. New-York printed; London reprinted; Butterworth. Hatchard. 1806.

The very able introduction to this speech opens with some cursory remarks upon certain answers to "War in Disguise," which we have not yet seen; and the authour very properly brings the authority of Mr. Randolph, in aid of the arguments so strongly enforced in that excellent tract.

"I invoke," says he, "the declarations of this American leader, made in the hearing of Congress, to attest that the strictures on the colonial traders of that country, contained in my former publications were in no degree unfounded. I appeal to his sentiments on the true interests of his fellow-citizens at large, that they are on the same side of this controversy with our own. I rely on his opinion, and still more on his irrefragable arguments, in proof that a war between that country and this, would be but in a slight degree noxious to the commerce of Great-Britain; while its consequences would be ruinous to America, and such as her citizens would not, even for a brief period, be brought patiently to endure."

Our readers will recollect that, in our Summary of Politicks, published three months ago, we maintained this very point; and happy we are to find ourselves so ably supported in our opinion, by such an orator as Mr. Randolph, and by such a writer as the authour of this Introduction; who adds, "I quote this respectable authority, not only as a caution against precipitated determination, but to show that timid and ruinous concessions may be easily and finally avoided." Would to Heaven our ministers had been impressed with a full conviction of this truth before they passed the American intercourse bill!

Our authour's reasoning in defence of the rule of the war of 1756, always appeared to us unanswerable; but he has strengthened it by a case, his conclusions from which we defy the whole world to overturn.

"What! is Buonaparte to exclude British sugar and coffee from the continent, and is America to enable him to do so, by supplying it with French and Spanish sugar, and coffee, in their stead? Are *neutral* markets even to be shut by violence against our planters, that our enemies may establish there a monopoly against them? Are the merchants of neutral states to be laid under an interdict as to the carriage of British manufactures or merchandize to friendly ports; and while submitting as they do to that interdict, can they assert nevertheless against us a right to carry the manufactures of our enemies to the colonies of France and Spain? Are neutrals, in a word, to give effect to a system avowedly adopted for the destruction of English commerce, yet found, on their amity with England, a right to prevent or frustrate a retaliation on our part against the commerce of our enemies?

The man who can give an answer to this question in the *affirmative*, may have an English *tongue*, but must have a French *heart*. The authour proceeds to show that France has violated the neutral territories of the continental powers, has entered peaceful cities, and seized upon foreign magazines, for the purpose of preventing the sale of British goods; that, in short, for the gratification of his hatred against this country, he has invaded every neutral right; and then, he justly observes:

"If they (the neutral nations) will tamely permit Buonaparte to exclude ships when laden with our merchandize from Hamburgh, and such other maritime places, yet permitted to be called neutral, as the terrour of his arms has already shut against us, and to extend, as he now threatens, the same system to Portugal and Denmark, it is not neutral, it is not equal, to deny a like latitude to us; and they would have no right to complain, if we should apply the same interdiction as generally to the merchandize of our enemies, wherever our power extends; that is, to every maritime part of the globe.

But, as he truly remarks, the only subject of dispute with America, at present, is colonial produce, and colonial supplies; whereas the principle would fairly apply to a general interdiction of the carriage of all goods belonging to our enemies. America is prevented from importing British goods, whether colonial or European, into Hamburgh; not because such is the will of the lawful sovereign of that city, but because it is the mandate of the Corsican Usurper, and to this she tamely submits, as she does to every insult from France, without a murmur. What right then would she have to complain, if we were to forbid her to carry French, Dutch, or Spanish goods, to any other seaports in Europe?

"The main, though preposterous defence of the frustration of our hostilities against the enemy's colonial trade, is his right to open his own ports; but has he a right to shut up neutral ports, as well as to open his own? There at least, the land-right will not bear the sea-wrong. Besides, America has now shrunk from this favourite principle of hers when she had to deal with a power that would not be bullied; she has not only suffered France to take her ships when trading to St. Domingo, but at the imperious mandate of that power, has passed a law to forbid the trade to her subjects. Is it because Dessalines has not as good a title to Hayti, as Buonaparte to Naples? I should deny the proposition, even as to Paris: but at least Dessalines has as good a right to make laws in Hayti, as Buonaparte in Hambugh."

"That France, an exile from the ocean, should, under such circumstances, have the assurance to wage with us a war of commercial exclusions, is singular enough. But if neutrals will persevere in their present conduct, and if England kindly submit to it,

the plan is perfectly rational, and cannot fail of final success. Behold then, a new prodigy of this extraordinary age: the utmost maritime strength is impotent to protect commercial navigation; and a power that is driven from the ocean can destroy the trade of his enemy! But the paradox is of easy solution. The plain key to it is, the new and compendious principle *that the rights of neutrality are nothing on shore, but every thing at sea.*

Well, indeed, may the authour exclaim, if this doctrine is to prevail, let America ease us of our navy, a useless burthen, and exchange this island for a district beyond the Blue Mountains!

Mr. Randolph's speech is that of a true statesman, who loves his country, and warns it against the adoption of a system, in which its best interests would be sacrificed to the gratification of "mercantile avarice." He truly says, that such misers, who can gravely contend that America is an overmatch for Great-Britain on the ocean, are not deserving of a serious answer. "The proper arguments for such statesmen are a strait-waistcoat, a dark room, water-gruel, and depletion." He reasons thoughout, with strength and ability; indicating the dangers to which a war with England would inevitably expose America; and showing that the question of contention is not worth a dispute.

"What is the question in dispute? The carrying-trade. What part of it? The fair, the honest and the useful trade, that is engaged in carrying our own productions to foreign markets, and bringing back their productions in exchange? No Sir, it is that carrying-trade which covers enemy's property, and carries the coffee, the sugar, and other West-India products to the mother-country. *I, for one, will not mortgage my property and my liberty to carry on this trade.* It is not for the honest carrying-trade of America, but for this mushroom, this fungus of war, for a trade which, as soon as the nations of Europe are at peace will no longer exist; it is for this that the spirit of avaricious traffick would plunge us into war."

He warns his countrymen in the language of political wisdom; "Take away the British navy, and France tomorrow is the tyrant of the ocean. This brings me to my second point. How far is it politick in the United States to throw their weight into the scale of France at this moment? From whatever motive, to aid the views of gigantick ambition; to make her mistress of the sea and land, to jeopardize the liberties of mankind. Sir, you may help to crush Great-Britain, you may assist in breaking down her naval dominion, but you cannot succeed to it. The iron sceptre of the ocean will pass into his hands who wears the iron crown of the land. You may then expect a new code of maritime law.

Mr. Randolph reprobates, with the warmth which every *honest* man must naturally feel on such a subject, the base proposition for confiscating the national debt, for passing a law to defraud foreigners out of their just demands, and all this "*for the fraudulent protection of belligerent property under your neutral flag.*" The name of the miscreant who appears to have proposed, or at least, to have supported a proposition, which would be much more becoming a den of thieves, than a Senate of freemen, was ————, and he came from *Massachusetts.* It is proper that the name and residence of such a man should be recorded for the information of Europe; that when a foreigner travels through the United States, he may avoid him as he would a pestilence. This fellow would have made an admirable member of Robespierre's committees, or one of Buonaparte's *mute tribunes!*

All Mr. Randolph's observations supply a full confirmation of the character assigned by the intelligent authour of "War in Disguise," to the carrying trade which has given birth to the present dispute with America. "Is Spanish sugar, or French coffee, made American property, by the mere change of the cargo, or even by the landing and payment of the duties?

And when these duties are drawn back, and the sugars and coffee reexported, are they not, as enemy's property, liable to seizure? And is there not the best reason to believe, that this operation is performed in many, if not in most cases, to give a neutral aspect and colour to the merchandize?"

After this will any Briton have the assurance, or rather the baseness, to defend this detestable trade, this hideous offspring of avarice and fraud? This speech contains a great variety of interesting matter; and ought to be generally read in this country.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

On the first of October 1806, was published, (to be continued Monthly), Price half a crown,

Consisting of seven Sheets of Letter-press, printed in Octavo, on a fine wove extra royal Paper, large Page, with double Columns, so as to contain more matter than any literary Publication extant,

No. 1—OF THE

LITERARY PANORAMA;

Including a Review of Books, Register of Events, and Magazine of Varieties. Comprising interesting intelligence from the various Districts of the United Kingdom; the British connexions in the East-Indies, the West-Indies, America, Africa, Western Asia, &c. and from the Continent of Europe, Sweden, Russia, Denmark, Germany, Holland, France, Italy, Spain, Portugal, &c.

Turning with easy eye thou may'st behold—
From India and the golden Chersonese
And utmost Indian isle Taprobane,
From Gallia, Gades, and the British west,
Germans and Scythians, and Sarmatians north,
Beyond Danubius to the Taurick pool:
All nations ————————

MILTON, PARADISE REGAINED.

LONDON:

Printed by Cox, Son, & Baylis, Great Queen-street; Published by C. Taylor, No. 108, Hatton Garden, Holborn; Sold by Blacks and Parry, Leadenhall-street; Egerton, Whitehall; Hatchard, opposite Albany Buildings, Piccadilly; Budd, Pall-Mall; may be had of all the Booksellers in the United Kingdom, and is sold by W. P. Farrand, Philadelphia.

A Panorama is an ingenious device in the Art of Painting, wherein a Spectator, from an elevated central situation, by directing his attention to each part successively, inspects the whole. The principle and application is a happy effort of modern Art; and the popularity acquired throughout Europe, by this kind of exhibition, sufficiently proves its merit and attraction. But, a Literary Panorama possesses advantages over every exertion of the Graphick Art: it includes, at one view, a kingdom, or a continent; a whole community, however extensive its interests, or even the globe itself, with its innumerable diversities of inhabitants. Nor is such a performance confined to the contemplation of objects under a single aspect, or in their present state; it examines by retrospective consideration, the various events which have rendered them what they are, or looks forward, so far as human prudence can anticipate, and modestly predicts the natural result of those principles whose operations it exhibits to the Spectator.

The opulent Metropolis of the United Kingdom is our central station: and, in addressing our visitors, we beg leave respectfully to direct their attention, by explaining, as far as the confined limits of a Prospectus permit, the novelty, importance and entertainment of the design submitted to their patronage.

Agriculture, Manufactures, Commerce, are prominent subjects of our attention. Publick events; Science in all its branches; the Moral and Christian duties of our fellow subjects; Philosophical Investigations of Nature; the Art of Healing; the Arts of Taste; the Amusements of the Times;—whatever improves the mind, satisfies the curious and inquisitive, or contributes to the comfort of life, will find a place in our pages.

Wherever the connexions of Britain extend, every endeavour will be used to procure authentick means of correctly estimating their actual state, or their immediate prospects. The reader who has concerns in America, the West-Indies, the Southern Hemis-

phere, or those immense Territories in India, which enjoy the blessings of British protection, may expect intelligence always marked by fidelity; and, frequently, we presume to say, distinguished by importance. In our Indian department, especially, various communications will appear in this work, exclusively, on which we might safely rest our claim to distinction.

We have also, at a very great expense, established Agents in the principal cities on the Continent, from whom we doubt not of receiving the earliest report of whatever is interesting, in France, Holland, Germany, Italy, Spain, Portugal, Denmark, Sweden, and Russia; our commissions have extended to Moscow; and our hopes include the Levant and Western Asia. The pressure of Hostilities undoubtedly has retarded, and may for a time continue to retard success, in some instances; but whatever can be accomplished by perseverance and industry, the proprietors and their agents doubt not of accomplishing. The uncommon interest attached to events now passing in Europe, with the anxious expectation of scenes to which those events appear to be introductory, are important arguments for giving immediate effect to our exertions.

The object of this work is not to add another to the vehicles of mere amusement, already too numerous. It will associate the sprightly effusions of cultivated taste, with the earliest records of useful discoveries, in every science; and whether an invention or an improvement be of British suggestion, or devised by the ingenious of distant climes, if it have but merit, we shall take a pleasure in making it known.

About half our Monthly Number will be allotted to a Review of literary productions, uniting entertainment with useful information. Our choice of works for report, will be determined by our opinion of their suitability; and our mode of reviewing will correspond with the nature of the article under consideration. We shall designedly consult the advantage of our readers by communicating whatever is interesting or valuable in a writer; rather than the display of our learning or acumen, in the exercise of that critical dogmatism, by which, too often, merit itself is the sufferer.

A principal part of our Review, as well as of our intelligence, will be composed of Foreign Publications. In this department we shall occasionally improve our priority of information, by announcing important performances concisely; reserving a right to resume the consideration of them in a manner proportionate to their merits. Of some we shall only remark their nature and subject; of others we may offer extracts; others we may insert entire. Our numbers will comprise Publick and Official Papers; Reports from our Agents abroad; Translations from Foreign Communications, publick and private; Proceedings of learned Societies, and other laudable Institutions; Literary Intelligence of works in hand or in the press; Lists of books published; Degrees taken at the Universities; Promotions, and a select Obituary. To these will be added, the State of the Markets; Prices of the principal Articles of Export and Import; Reports Agricultural, Commercial and Colonial; Patents enrolled; Discoveries made; Novelties in the Polite World, in the Fine Arts, in articles of Taste and Elegance; and, generally, communications of every kind, which may be deemed interesting, to a learned, polite, and commercial nation.

It is evident that all subjects cannot be treated at equal length together: yet each may expect its turn, and in order that every number may contain a quantity considerably more than is usual in periodical works, we have determined to print on a size so much larger than common, that three of our sheets will contain as much as five of most other publications; and to obviate the too common complaint of the sheets of periodical works falling to pieces before they can be perused, our numbers shall be delivered neatly sewed; so as to remain on the desk, or in the book-case, as compact as bound books.

By combining all the advantages of a Review of Books, a Register of Events, and a Magazine of Miscellaneous Literature, the work cannot fail of interesting the Statesman, the Divine, the Members of the Faculty, the Lawyer, the Merchant, the Manufacturer, the Agriculturalist, and, generally, the Man of Business, and the Man of Leisure: the Domestick Circle, and the Recluse.

Decided and hearty friends to our most excellent Constitution in Church and State, we regard Morals, publick and private, as the solid foundation of prosperity, both national and individual; and we shall think it a part of the duty we owe to our country, to manifest our abhorrence of whatever opposes the purity of our holy religion, the loyalty due to our King, or the honour and welfare of our nation.

Influenced by these sentiments, to which our endeavours will be conformable, we cheerfully commit ourselves to the candour of the British nation, in commencing an enterprise so novel in its principle, and so arduous in its execution.

LEVITY.

The style of Doctor Johnson has not escaped the shaft of ridicule. He who made every one tremble before the severity of his criticism is himself brought to the bar of critical opinion, and been punished with the lash which he so liberally inflicted. The stateliness and dignity of his language had a very ludicrous appearance when connected with the smaller concerns of life, and hence a judicious imitation of his phraseology on trifling subjects has been a favourite manner of attack with the criticks. The following humorous effusion fell from the pen of the Hon. Mr. Erskine, the present British Minister in this country, and is supposed to have been written by the Doctor from Buxton after coming out of the bath, and addressed to his friend Dr. Boswell.

[*Emerald.*

Fortune often delights to exalt what nature has neglected, and that renown which cannot be claimed by intrinsick excellence, is often derived from accident. "The Rubicon was ennobled by the passage of Cæsar," and the bubbling up of a stream in the middle of a lime-quarry, has given celebrity to Buxton.

The waters, in which it is agreed no mineral properties reside, and which seem to have no better claim to superiour heat than what is derived from comparing them with the almost Siberian atmosphere that surrounds them, are said, however, to possess a spirit, which though too volatile and unknown to receive a name from the chemists of graver ages, has, in this fanciful era, when macaroni philosophers hold situation with science, taken the lead of all the other elements; and those whose nerves have found no relief in change of sky, or variety, seek for a refuge here in *fixed air*.

Amazing indeed, is the avidity with which all ranks of mankind seek after that health which they have voluntarily alienated to disease. Like methodists, who hope for salvation through faith without works, invalids come here in hopes to find in the well, that vigour they lost in the bowl; and to absorb in the bath, the moisture that evaporated at the ball or in the stews.

For this purpose, they venture to this dreary spot, which contemplates, with envy, the highlands of Scotland; surrounded by barren mountains, beaten by storms almost perpetual—where scarce an inhabitant is to be seen, unless when the sun (whose appearance is justly considered one of the wonders of the Peak) draws them out, from a curiosity natural to man, to wonder into what cavern the storm has retired. Yet this is summer; and if the winter holds its natural proportion, the inhabitants of the hall, who are not thirty yards from the well, must pass months without any communication with it. Yet here the same folly which created disease, for the cure of which so much is suffered, obstructs the operation of the remedy from which so much is hoped. Animated

by the appetite, which even the diluent powers of common water, assisted by the vibrations of exercise and the collisive hilarity of reciprocal salutation, would give to a body obstructed by gluttony and rest; they devour with delirious hunger, a farinaceous sponge, with its interstices undulated in butter, which might smile with contempt at the peristaltick exertions of an elephant, and of which, the digestion would be no less an evil, than the obstruction: if obstructed, it convulses the stomach with rancid exhalations: and if by its gravity, it finds its way to the bowels, it tumefies them with flatulent paroxysms; by its detention in both, it becomes acrimonious and mephytick; and, while its fumes arise and salute the brain with palsy, its *caput mortuum* descends, and lays the foundation of fistula. Very providentially, however, the evils of breakfast are not aggravated by the dinner. Dinner is rather a ceremony here than a repast; and those who are delicate and sick acquire popularity, by disseminating among the multitude that food, which nothing but rude health, both of body and mind, could digest. When it is finished, the chaplain calls upon the company to be thankful for what they have received; and the company remembering they have breakfasted, join in the thanksgiving.

The evils of the day are likewise happily alleviated by the early hour of going to bed; and if sleep forsakes the pillow, even fancy itself cannot charge it upon the supper.

There are, notwithstanding, here, upwards of two hundred people, who, by talking continually of how much nature has left undone, and how little art has done for the place, increase the spleen in the hope to cure it; who speak with rapture of the beauties and pleasures of Matlock, which though within their reach, they never go to; and who hoping, by the power of imagination, convert a smoking cauldron into a cold bath, relax and wash to sensitive agony, those fibres, which require the tension of the bow-string, and the rigour of steel!

THE DRAMA.

Covent Garden.—After the Comedy of the Merchant of Venice, in which Cooke and Miss Smith sustained the parts of Shylock and Portia with great ability, the following tributary Ode to the Memory of Lord Nelson, which we understand to be from the pen of Mr. Pierce, a gentleman to whom the publick is indebted for many elegant, poetick, and pleasing dramatick productions, was delivered by Cooke. It was accompanied with musick that excited the feeling and the sympathy of the audience, and was greatly applauded.

Ere yet this day, to Britain sacred made,
Shall to eternity depart,—
Let the warm homage of the heart,
To NELSON's much-loved memory be paid!

Yes,—with fidelity, the land
Shall own the splendours of his high command;
To him shall be her grateful praises giv'n;
To him—her champion—sent down from Heav'n!
And often shall she boast in ardent strain
His deeds—his deathless story!
He!—her firm sentinel upon the stormy main,
—His word of watch was—"England's glory!"

"The page—the mind—his worth shall keep,
His bright career by honour led:
And ye,—beneath the waves who sleep—
Transcendent 'mongst the valiant dead!
Still shall the tale of triumph be renew'd,
Whene'er the rocks of Trafalgar are view'd!

Never shall seaman thither steer,
But for your fate shall duteous weep;
And bending to your watery bier,
Call forth your spirits from the deep:
And while the wind sings o'er the tow'ring mast,
A sigh of wo shall mingle with the blast!

There shall the musing mind delight,
While on the scene the moon shall break,
To raise a visionary fight,—
And bid the *Cheer* of victory wake!
Those sounds dispersed, in Fancy's ear shall swell
The *ocean-minstrel's* dirge--the awful knell!"

O NELSON! to thy country early lost!
Great was the final conquest! great the cost!
Yet, by his brave companions cherish'd,
His rare example shall to future times
Teach how, in various seas and climes,
The foe beneath his valour perish'd!

And how, scorning their far-outnumb'ring force,
Through the Atlantick waves he held his course,
Upon his daring mission bound—
To bring to battle—conquer—and confound!

The stage, on this occasion, was converted into an orchestra. Cooke delivered the ode in a very impressive manner. Each stanza was repeated by the vocal performers with great effect. Incledon was in admirable voice. Bellamy's bass was highly applauded. The musick, by Davy, was beautiful.

VARIETY.

In the rough blast heaves the billow,
In the light air waves the willow;
Every thing of moving kind
VARIES with the veering wind:
What have I to do with thee,
Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

Sombre tale, and satire witty,
Sprightly glee, and doleful ditty,
Measur'd sighs, and roundelay,
Welcome all! BUT DO NOT STAY.
What have I to do with thee,
Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

THE CONTRAST.

Sally, with real pain I trace
The contrast of thy mind and face:
The snowy whiteness of thy skin,
Contending with the crimson rose,
Leads thy admirers to suppose
'Tis pure intelligence within.

Oft have I seen a jar so fine,
I thought that diamonds sure must shine
In a receptacle so fair:
But while my scrutinizing eye
Dar'd in its dark recess to pry,
I found a filthy cobweb there.

—

Believe me, Bell, I love but you,
And pity my mistake;
I love your sister, it is true;
But love her for your sake.

The moon her light owes to the sun,
And shines by him alone:
So you are day, and she is night
With me, when you are gone.

Quebeck Mercury.

—

Covent Garden.—The splendid spectacle, "*The Deserts of Arabia,*" has been performed a second time in London, and proved very attractive. The scenery and decorations are equally novel and superb, and the mechanists behind the scenes showing more expertness than on the first night, the piece went on without any farther interruption than what arose from clamorous approbation.

—

THE HARP OF SORROW.

I gave my Harp to Sorrow's hand,
And she has ruled the chords so long,
They will not speak at my command,
They warble only to *her* song.

Of dear departed hours,
Too fondly loved to last,
The dew, the breath, the bloom of flowers,
That died untimely in the blast.

Of long, long years of future care,
Till lingering Nature yields her breath;
And endless ages of despair,
Beyond the judgment-day of Death—

The weeping Minstrel sings,
And while her numbers flow,
My spirit trembles through the strings,
And every note is full of wo.

Would Gladness move a sprightlier strain,
And wake this wild Harp's clearest tones;
The strings, impatient to complain,
Are dumb, or only utter moans.

And yet to sooth the mind,
With luxury of grief,
The Soul, to suffering all resign'd,
In Sorrow's musick feels relief.

Thus o'er the light Æolian lyre,
The winds of dark November stray,
Touch the quick nerve of every wire,
And on its magick pulses play:

Till all the air around,
Mysterious murmurs fill,
A strange bewildering dream of sound,
Most heavenly sweet, yet mournful still.

O snatch the Harp from Sorrow's hand,
Hope! who hast been a stranger long:
O strike it with sublime command,
And be the poet's life thy song!

Of vanish'd troubles sing,
Of fears forever fled,
Of flowers, that hear the voice of Spring,
And burst and blossom from the dead!

Of home, contentment, health, repose,
Serene delights, while years increase;
And weary life's triumphant close
In some calm sun-set hour of peace;

Of bliss that reigns above,
Celestial May of youth,
Unchanging as JEHOVAH's love,
And everlasting as his truth:

Sing heavenly Hope!—and dart thine hand
O'er my frail Harp, untun'd so long;
That Harp shall breathe at thy command,
Immortal sweetness thro' thy song.

Ah! then this gloom control,
And at thy voice shall start
A new creation in my soul,
And a new Eden in my heart!

—

A country magistrate being asked what was meant by a *minor canon?* answered—"I suppose it means a *pistol* or *gun!*"

—

IMPROMPTU,

On hearing the Aurora man styled "a lover of truth"

D—— has great respect for Truth,
That every man must own;
He proves his deference, ev'ry day,
By——*letting her alone!* Q. E. D.

Freeman's Journal.

—

From the Pastime.

AMERICAN SCENERY.

Why should American travellers expatiate with so much enthusiasm on the sublime and picturesque beauties of Switzerland, Scotland, and the confines of Germany, while their own country can boast of more attractive scenery, and with which they are totally unacquainted? What is more sublime than the Highlands of the North River: what more awfully tremendous than the cataract of Niagara: what more romantick than the vale of Lebanon: what can surpass the solemn and majestick gloom of the distant mountains, the pensive and soothing silence of the groves, the pastoral simplicity of the cottagers, or the wild luxuriancy of the meadow?

I am not one of those who decry every thing that is American. I love my country, and I delight to contemplate that noble spirit of perseverance which has enabled the laborious husbandman to climb the loftiest mountains, and to change the rude garb of nature for the rich habiliments of cultivation. I have often gazed with delight upon the verdant hills rising amphitheatrically around me; I have often contemplated the progressive influence of the departing sun on the distant mountains; or the bright orb of day rising in the pride of his splendour, gilding them with his ruddy light, and chasing the fogs, fantastically formed, from their lofty tops. These are scenes which we have no need of going to Europe to behold. To extend the allusion, in the words of that eminent poet, Mr. Paine, of Boston:

What though no wave Pactolian laves her shore,
Nor gleam her caverns with Peruvian ore;
Yet she has MINES, which need no *rod* to trace—
Search not her *bosom*, but survey her *face*

Beneath the shade, which Freedom's oak displays,
Their votive shrine Apollo's offspring raise,
With youthful fancy, or with matron taste,
They cull the meadow, or explore the waste;
Each tract, they culture, verdant life perfumes,
With *judgment* ripens, or with *genius* blooms.

In strength of scene, delights a Ramsay's page;
With classick truth, a Belknap charms the age.
In cloudless splendour, modest Minot shines,
And Bunker flames in Allen's glowing lines.

By sister arts, and kindred powers allied,
The Trumbulls rise, the lyre's and pencil's pride;
And ev'ry Muse has carved Philenia's* name,
On ev'ry laurel in the grove of Fame.

Poem on the Invention of Letters, p. 11.

—

An Oxford and Cambridge man once met in company, who held different opinions concerning the person of Christ; one supposing him to be God, the other to be only a man: of course each thought the other a heretick. The former, with a serio-comical air, wrote the two following lines down, and presenting them to the latter, asked him if he knew to whom they were applicable.

Tu Judæ similis Dominumque Deumque negasti;
Dissimilis Judas est tibi—pænituit.

Englished.

You, Judas like, your Lord and God denied;
Judas, unlike to you, repentant sigh'd.

---

*The signature of Mrs. MORTON, the American Sappho.

The latter instantly wrote down on the same piece of paper the following lines, and presented them with the same serio-comical air as the other had done, meaning to lay the whole emphasis on the word TU:

Tu simul et similis Judæ, tu dissimilisque;
Judæ iterum similis sis, laqueumque petas.

Englished.

You are like Judas, and unlike that elf,
Once more like Judas be, and hang yourself.

—

The delightful description of a *Cotter's Saturday Night*, by Burns, has given occasion to an elegant picture by Mr. Smith.

"But hark! a rap comes gently to the door;
Jenny, wha kens the meaning of the same;
Tells how a neebor lad came o'er the moor
To do some errands and convoy her hame.

The wily mother sees the conscious flame
Sparkle in Jenny's ee, an' flush her cheek;
Wi' heart-struck anxious care, inquires his name,
While Jenny hafflins is afraid to speak;

Weel pleas'd the mother hears it's nae wild worthless rake,
Wi' kindly welcome Jenny brings him ben,
A strappan youth: he takes the mother's eye:
Blithe Jenny sees the visit's no ill ta'en;
The father cracks o' horses, ploughs, and kye."

—

With regard to the dispensation of law in France, Bonaparte's *will* is the *law*—his *caprice* the *jury*—his *power* the *judge*—and his *fury* the *executioner*.

—

Small things compared with great.—At a late vestry meeting, one of the parish orators began his oration with these words: "The eyes of *all Europe* are this day fixed on the proceedings of this assembly."

MERRIMENT.

In a dispute concerning the superiority of man over the brute creation, and wherein that superiority consisted, a gentleman contended, that it consisted in the power of ratiocination, and of drawing inferences from premises. While his opponent, who was a physician, insisted, that animals possessed the same power. When the company broke up, the latter gentleman went to visit a patient, who was a painter, of the name of Wiseman. In the course of conversation, the physician adverted to the patient's trade, and took notice how well the sign over his house-door was painted; and asked him, whether he thought he should be able, when recovered, to draw some curious object for him? "O yes, sir," answered Wiseman," "I can draw any thing." "Pray," said the doctor, "can you draw an inference?" "Why, no doctor," replied he, "I do not think I can." Returning from his visit, he overtook a brewer's dray, the fore-horse of which was remarkably strong and beautiful. "You have a very fine horse there, friend," said the doctor, "he seems to draw extremely well." "Aye, sir, that he does;" said the man, "he will draw any thing." "Pray," returned the doctor, "do you think he could draw an inference?" "Lord bless you, he can draw a thousand," answered the drayman. The next time the doctor met his opponent, "Well, sir, says he, I think you will now allow me to have established my argument, as I have met with a *wise man* who could not draw an inference, and with a dray-horse who can draw a thousand."

—

The Rev. Mr. Bowles had once a dispute with a rude Cantab, concerning the different learned men their respective universities could boast of. The Soph, to prove at once that his *Alma Mater* had the preeminence, said, "All the great poets had been sent from Cambridge." "That is the reason then," said Mr. Bowles, "I suppose, that we do not find any left."

—

A lady expressing her surprise on seeing Dr. Parr, at breakfast, cutting slice after slice of a huge gammon of Yorkshire bacon, the Doctor first taking a draught of porter, (which with a pipe, forms constantly a part of his morning repast), replied—You will not deny, madam, that mine is a *literary* breakfast, when you reflect that I am making *extracts from Bacon*.

"How much it is to be lamented," said a gentleman, "that Sir Joshua Reynolds was not careful to use colours that would stand. Some of his best pieces are already spoilt from this neglect," "True," said the Dutchess of Devonshire, "he has always come off with *flying colours*.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

For The Port Folio.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

A piece of minor criticism in your first volume upon the Anacreon of Mr. Moore, dwelt with some vehemence upon a phrase in the lines

Oh, can the tears we tend to thought
In life's account avail us aught?

The slightest reflection might have shown the critick, that what he complained of was not an errour in Moore, but an erratum of the press. The metaphor is as plain as it is pathetick.

Oh, can the tears we lend to thought
In life's account avail us aught?

Permit me to remark upon a couple of passages in the last publication of that of Philademus.

In a note upon that delightful waterpiece, "I stole along the flowery bank," your friend Moore confesses the violence he has done natural history in the case of the *agave*. He defends himself upon "as large a charter as the wind's withal," and boasts the countenance Plato gives to three removes from truth. Plato, I think, does not allow the extravagance; he simply remarks it. Speaking of the infatuation of those who put their trust in poetry, and place a reliance on it. for precepts upon matters of life; he observes further, in the tenth book of his Commonwealth *και τα ἔργα αὐτῶν ὁρῶντες, ὐκ αἰθανονται τριττα ἀπεχοντα τῦ ὄντος κ. τ. λ*

The fiction of the first parents of Epicurean philosophy in the little gardens of Gangettus, that in the blessed Islands

Leontium still upon her sage's breast
Found Love, and Love was tutored and caressed,

is a very charming one, but as perfect a fiction as Barnes's of the Synchronism of the Teian and the Lesbian. Leontium was only a summer friend. Alciphron has preserved an epistle of hers to Lamia, in which she laughs at a great rate at the violent fondness and childish love-letters of the old man of eighty.

If Mr. Moore thinks with many others, that Alciphron is an apocrypha of the fourth century, there can be no other cause shown, I believe, why the joys of these philosophers should be disturbed.

A couple of lines from an elegy in the eighth book of Tibullus are quite a burden to the remonstrance, "I know that none can smile like thee;"

Quid tibi nunc molles prodest colluise capillos
Sæpeque disposuisse comas?

I thank you for publishing the little version from Plato. There is more provocation given in this letter, I fear, for your *parenthesis* than before. But you know best. The motto at the head of the poetry, is from a letter of thanks from Julian the apostate to Alypius, "Cæsarii fratrem" who had sent Julian an elegant set of geographical tablets. "They are fit," says he in return, "to be inscribed with Sappho's writings."—But you readily see that the looseness of the term *ἁρμόττειν* will allow the sentence to be construed, "tones to which Sappho would have delighted to have adapted her hymns," or, "tones in which she would have wished to have had her hymns sung."

yours, &c.

Bruns. H. L.

N. B. If you dislike the representation of Moore by Philodemus, I request that instead of consulting Lempriere for his character, you would turn to Menage's first notes upon the Epicureans, and Cicero's oration against Piso.

Οἵους ἡ καλὴ Σαπφω βὁλέται τοῖς υμνοις ἁρμόττειν.

Julian. Apostat.

From the strands of her Erin a wanderer came
To chant her wild hymn in the west,

To the star that at evening on tinges of flame
Was sinking in languishing rest.
The billow that wafted her—light to its swell,
With peace to the heaves of the sail,
That enshrined the bright tints of my emerald shell
And folded her breath in their veil.

Oh, where in the seas doth the melody sleep,
That expired on Arion's last breath,
When the cry of the north and the screams of the deep
Bore his harp to the angel of death!
The billow where long had this harmony slept,
Near the cot of her slumbers was heaving,
And threw the night-spray that it evermore wept,
On the song Emma's murmurs were weaving.

As I hung on the voice o'er whose hallowing sigh
Your lip so sweet minstrelsy flings,
Scarce Strada's tranced bird was more breathless than I,
Tho' the flutterer expired on the strings.
Then welcome, sweet shell, to the banks of the west,
Where the Echo Sprite never had read
Such Tablets of song as this minute he prest,
To the lustre his lightening eye shed.

H. L.

For The Port Folio.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

I submit these lines to your perusal. They are the first essay of a juvenile mind: should they merit a place in your "elegant Miscellany," you will highly delight the writer by inserting them; but, should you think them too juvenile, the greatest favour you can bestow on him will be—to cast them into the fire.

All poets unite in the praise of the fair,
Of their persons, their features, their step and their air,
Of their skins' snowy white and their persons so pretty,
But who of them sung of a lass like my Kitty.

Some sung handsome teeth—white as iv'ry or pearl,
Some their hair's graceful ringlet, disposal or curl;
Iv'ry or pearl, in comparison 's trifling—so pretty,
So white and well formed are the teeth of my Kitty.

Coral lips, too, the object of man's adoration,
Have oft their fire roused in poetick narration,
Yet *their* praise is all fustian, tho' fair—none so pretty
But far are excelled by my beautiful Kitty.

Her cheeks like carnation, with roses may vie,
Black as jet is her hair, like the sloe is her eye,
And had Paris seen her on Ida, so pretty,
With pleasure he 'd yielded the prize to sweet Kitty.

Then her manners, so chaste, they Diana upbraid,
When she chats in gay circle, or frisks in the glade;
In Archery too, though less skilful—yet pretty,
The arrows strike sure from the eyes of my Kitty.

The Grecians of old talked of Venus and Love,
And many such Deities dwelling above,
Like to Venus's self, so enchanting,—so pretty,
The youths lose their hearts who converse with fair Kitty.

STANLEY.

For The Port Folio.

VERSES TO DELIA,

ON THE AUTHOUR'S EMBARKING FOR INDIA.

Though adverse fortune, vain desire,
Contempt of ease, or youthful fire,
Have thus condemn'd me far to roam,
An exile from my native home,
Where'er I go, where'er I rove,
I'll ne'er abandon thee, my love;
But ever present to my mind,
Recal the Nymph I left behind.
Oft shall Fancy paint thy charms,
And give thee blushing to my arms;
And the enchanted hour beguile
With DELIA's form and DELIA's smile.
Then come! thou sweetly pleasing pow'r,
With such enjoyments bless each hour!
Come to my soul, impart thy aid
That I may constant view the maid!
And to thy sacred shrine, I swear
No image else shall enter there!
Though on the Line I panting lay,
Where downward darts the scorching ray,
Whilst no refreshing breeze allays
The sun's reflected potent blaze;
Of tardy hours I'll not complain,
Nor idly pass the time in vain:
For, soon as Cynthia's milder beams,
Invite to Fancy's fairy dreams,
I'll grateful take the scene above,
And pleas'd, devote my soul to love.
Thus musing by the solemn light,
With rapture will I pass the night,
Recalling many a happy day;
How swift the time will pass away!
When near the boist'rous Cape I sail,
And prove the rough tempestuous gale,
Though roaring billows rage around,
And clouds the seas with skies confound,

When loud the mutt'ring thunders roll,
And lightnings stream around the Pole,
Calm and content I'll laugh at these,
And think on scenes which ever please.
Transported to those blissful bow'rs,
Where oft I've pass'd enraptur'd hours;
The Nymph I will with zeal adore,
And as she smiles will love the more.
Thence wand'ring by some murm'ring stream,
Whilst love shall be my constant theme,
I'll gather, as we rambling go,
The blooming flow'rs which fragrant blow;
And, happy, deck with these the hair
Of Delia, fairest of the fair.
What pleasure then! what pure delight!
How will each object charm my sight!
To see her pleas'd, her eyes serene,
With equal joy partake the scene;
Behold the charms the landscape yields,
And hear the echo of the fields,
Where mirth, and joy, and rural pleasures,
With health, content, life's sweetest treasures,
Call forth the kindly social powers,
To gayly pass the happy hours.
What, tho' bleak winds incessant blow,
And foul and dark descends the snow,
Whilst round me fierce the tempest raves,
And horrours fill the raging waves;
Let but sweet Fancy intervene,
How soon is harmoniz'd the scene!
Then blooming Spring displays her charms,
And frees from all but Love's alarms;
Then warbling groves delight the heart,
Whilst fields and meadows charms impart,
Pleas'd I can tread the painted plain,
And see thee, Delia, once again;
Behold the rose thy cheek displays,
And on thy eyes enraptur'd gaze;
Those eyes, the source of lasting pain
To many a luckless wretched swain,
Who, martyrs to successless love,
Are not, like me, condemn'd to rove.
But Oh! whilst thus I brave the main,
And, rapt in visions, banish pain;
Whilst thus remov'd from Delia, far,
My heart still seeks its polar star,
Supremely happy should I be
Would she bestow one thought on me,
And pleas'd, from foolish joys withdrawn,
In pensive mood prefer the lawn,
There to behold the wand'ring moon
Riding near her highest noon.
So would I also eager gaze,
And all night long resound her praise.
These are the joys which Fancy gives,
'Tis thus our sorrows she relieves;
Then say not I an exile roam
And wander wretched from my home;
For while of Delia's love possess'd,
I am and ever must be bless'd.
But if indeed all hope was lost,
If heaven and earth my passion crost,
If, when I sighing leave the maid,
She frowns, and heeds not what is said;
How soon would Fancy, fled away,
Leave me to curse the tedious day;
When boist'rous seas around me roll,
My inward storms she'd ne'er control;
But leave, abandon'd to despair,
O'erwhelm'd and plagued with ev'ry care,
One dismal gloom would cloud the skies,
No fairy scenes to bless my eyes;
And Nature, barren, drear and waste,
With every former charm defac'd,
Would render life one wretched toil,
This earth a prison, loath'd and vile.

For The Port Folio.

ODE—FROM HORACE.

Whence, *Asteria*, comes that sigh?
Whence the tear that dims thine eye?
Fond complainer, cease to mourn,
Soon thy *Damon* will return.
Many a sleepless night at sea,
Musing, he devotes to thee.

What, though *Damon* wander far,
Guided by the midnight star?
What, though angry tempests rave,
Sweeping o'er the whiten'd wave?
Quickly shall the favouring gale
Homeward swell his eager sail;
Soon, with health and fortune blest,
He shall clasp thee to his breast.
Happy *Damon*, favour'd youth,
Blest by beauty, love and truth!
What, though *Chloe's* tempting wiles,
Words, and looks, and wanton smiles,
On a distant shore combine
To detain him—still he's thine.

Sweetly though she oft has told
Tales of chiefs and heroes bold,
Doom'd the vengeful power to prove
Of a woman's slighted love;
Though, to turn his heart aside,
Many a winning art she try'd;
Vain her Syren charms combine;
Still the constant youth is thine.
Fond complainer, cease to mourn,
Soon thy rover will return;
But while *Damon* wanders far,
Let *Asteria* too beware.

Lycidas, admiring comes
Where thy rose of beauty blooms:
Few like *Lycidas* possess
All the charms of manly grace:
Skilled the bounding steed to guide,
Skill'd to cleave the lucid tide,
Versed in each attractive art—
Oh! from him preserve thy heart.
When his nightly serenade
Hails thee "cold and cruel maid,"
Prove deserving of the name,
Cold to all but *Damon's* flame.

Fond complainer, cease to mourn,
Soon thy rover will return.

For The Port Folio.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

The following lines are from the pen of Master J. H. Payne whom probably you have heard of, and of whose poetical promise the stanzas enclosed are no unfavourable specimen. Considered as the production of a lad of fourteen years, they certainly exhibit a glow of fiction, and a view of enthusiasm truly wonderful, and which in their maturity may do honour to the poetical character of his country. I am sure you will be of that opinion on glancing at the 2d and 3d stanzas in which the tenderness of elegy is peculiarly exhibited. The whole is in my opinion far beyond the common flight of the versifier; addressing itself to the heart in the simple vein of unaffected sorrow.

New-York May 10, 1807.

EPITAPH ON DERMODY.

Oh stranger, if thou hast a sigh,
A pitying sigh for others' woes,
Then linger yet a moment nigh—
For sacred ashes here repose!

Oh! didst thou know what relicks sleep
In this dark, cold, sepulchral bed,
Mayhap, thou'dst sit, like me, and weep,
The wild ey'd Bard of Erin dead.

And thou would'st bathe the flowers that wave,
Till ev'ry flower that bloom'd before,
Should, bending, kiss the sacred grave,
Should bow, and weep, and bloom no more!

Ah! could he touch his harp of song,
His sweet ton'd, warbling, much lov'd lyre,
Whose notes as he would oft prolong,
Would kindle all his soul to fire!

Ah! could he touch—perchance the strain
Would wake a kindred glow in thee,
And even thou a sigh migh'st deign,
To frenzied, luckless Dermody!

But now, all hush'd his tuneful lay,
And dimm'd the light'ning of his eyes,
And wrapt his lifeless form in clay,
In this cold grave the poet lies!

Here, oft at ev'ning's hallow'd tide,
The sire shall lead his infant boy;
Who loves to listen by his side,
And hears his tale all mute with joy.

And often shall the village youth
From childish pastimes steal, alone,
To deck with flowers this grass-green turf,
And twine with wreaths this mossy stone.

And the lone traveller, wand'ring near,
Of many an hour, by wo beguil'd,
Shall mourn, with many a silent tear,
The poet, "wonderful and wild."

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

The following beautiful lines, taken from an English publication, are supposed to have been written by an AFRICAN PRINCE who arrived in England some time since, and, on being asked, what he had given for his watch, replied, "What I shall never be able to recal!"

PHILANTUS.

When avarice enslaves the mind,
And selfish views alone bear sway,
Man turns a savage to his kind,
And blood and rapine mark his way;
Alas! for this poor simple toy
I sold a blooming Negro *boy*.

His father's hope, his mother's pride,
Tho' black, yet comely to their view;
I tore him helpless from their side
And gave him to a ruffian crew:
To FIENDS* that Africk's coast annoy
I sold the charming Negro boy.

From country, friends and parents torn,
His tender limbs in chains confined,
I saw him o'er the billows borne,
And marked his agony of mind;
But still to gain the simple toy,
I gave away the Negro boy.

In isles that deck the western wave,
I doomed the hopeless youth to dwell;
A poor, forlorn, insulted slave,
A beast that Christians buy and sell;
And in their cruel tasks employ
The much enduring Negro boy.

His wretched parents long shall mourn,
Shall long explore the distant main,
In hopes to see the youth return;
But all their hopes and sighs are vain,
They never will the sight enjoy,
Of their lamented Negro boy.

Beneath a tyrant's harsh command,
He wears away his youthful prime,
Far distant from his native land,
A stranger in a foreign clime:
No pleasing thoughts his mind employ—
A poor dejected Negro boy.

But He who "walks upon the wind,
Whose voice in thunder 's heard on high,
Who doth the raging tempest bind,
Or wing the lightning through the sky,
In his own time will soon destroy
Th' oppressors of the Negro boy.

* American slave-traders.

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